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************** His Educated Bee *******************

"I'M A-GOING to tell you fellers said Uncle Hi. "This here bee an' I was out in my gardin that day. I was there lookin' around an' the bee he was trespassin' onto some o' my flowers. It's hard to fool a bee on the weather, but this shower came up so almighty quick I was fooled myself. First I knew it was crack-crack all over my head. I put fer the house and the bee put fer his house, an a big hailstone cracked him one, as purty a wing shot as I'd want to make on a pattridge. Down come Mr. Bee, bizzin' right across my face. an' fell a'most under my feet. He was sich a big, fine-lookin', intelligent actin' bee that I picked up careful an' took him to my house, not seein' any probability of his gettin' to his own. The next hailstone would have finished his cay-reer.

"It took some little time for that bee to git used to me. I fed him good on sugar an' water till I got him so lettin' him fly aroun' the room. One give the same price fer. day I found him settin' a-top of a whisky bottle that happened to be there—I'd been havin' a cold that week—bizzin' his wings an' seemin' mighty satisfied with the smell of the cork. That put it into my head to try him with a little whisky an' sugar an' he took to it kindly. I wouldn't give it to him regular, understand, fer it ain't no part of Uncle Hi's make-up to be corruptin' the beasts of the field with strong drink; but just a appetizer before meals.

"He never got drunk but once, an' that was excusable, fer I was on a bit of a celebrate myself that time, an' spilled a lot of whisky on the floor. I guess Bizzer must have seed spiders in his dreams that night, for he was mighty ashamed of hisself next day, an' it was a week before he'd take his morning snifter. Wal, with the aid of that whisky I got him so's he'd answer to his name an' come flyin' to me bizzin' his wings like a locus' whenever I'd call him. I could let him out of the house without fear that he'd run away. We'd go out fer walks together an' he'd chase flies or fight with darnin'needles, or go honey suckin' in the flowers, or may be stop to pass the time of day with some wild bee, but whatever the wild bees said to him they never got him

"Back he'd come when I called, an' in the evenin' after his nightcap of whisky he'd curl up in the corner of a little box I fix for him an' go to sleep. There was only one thing wrong with Bizzer. He was almighty jealous. I had a pet chipmunk around the place, an' Bizzer wouldn't endure that chip. He'd buzz aroun' the chip's head an' then he'd light on the end of chip's tail till the poor little critter went a'most loony with fear that he'd get stung. Lively as the chip was, Bizzer was a sight livelier. Once the chip nearly got him while Bizzer was takin' his noonday nip. After that Bizzer never let him alone, an' the When You Want little feller give up the fight an' went out into the cold world to grub fer nuts like an ordinary chipmunk. I was sorry to lose him, but I'd got mighty fond of Bizzer, an' I wouldn't have traded him fer 50 of Bill Ever-

sole's yaller purps." "Ef that wonderful bee had ever set foot on Sarcher," began Bill, pricked to wrath, and never got any farther, for there was a chorus of protests against the interruption, and Uncle Hi mildly preferred a request that somebody tell him whether he was telling this story or Bill Eversole; also that they tell Bill. That gentleman having been squeiched, the old man continued;

"Wal, it never occurred to me that Bizzer was anythin' but a pleasant companion. I didn't figger as how he should be made to work fer his livin'. It was enough to just have him aroun' fer comp'ny. But one day late in June after Bizzer an' me had got mighty well acquainted a feller come spookin' aroun' my honeysuckle vines with a big net. He was a harmless critter an' pleasant spoken, an' he had a bottle in his pocket that was somethin' extry. He said he was collectin' but-terflies, an' if I hadn't no objections he'd like to hunt a few in my gardin I hadn't none, so he hunted. After he'd ketched some he come aroun' to me settin' on my doorstep an' I ast him what luck.

"'Pritty good," says he. 'I didn't git one species, though,' he says. "They fly too high,' says he. 'They don't come down much this time o' year. I'd give a quarter spiece fer them fellers,' he

"Then he pulled out his bottle again and passed it over.

"'Mind of I give a sip to my frien'?" I asked. " 'Certainly not,' says he, very polite, but he looked a little huffed when I poured a bit on the doorstep.

"I buzzed with my lips an' Bizzet come a-hustlin' an' settled down in the whisky.

"'Shoo!' says the stranger . "There's a bee in the whisky, he says. First bee I ever saw drink liquor, he says Wonder if it'll make him drunk?' "'It will not,' I says. 'He never gets

"'Whew!' says the stranger. "They drink right along then, do they? This must be a hot township,' he says, where even the insects hit the bottle "'That's my bee, stranger, I says He's got enlightened tastes. Come up Expert work by skilled work- Bizzer, you've had enough."

"Bizzer gave me a reproachful look,

better than what he was used to bein'

fed regular on Hank Hiver's fancy

pison. No offense, Hank. Yes, it was

hard fer Bizzer to break away, but he done it an' came an' sat in my ear. Blind Bridegroom in English High That bug-hunter was astonished,

"'Will you sell that bee?' says he.
"'No, sir,' says L 'Not to Vanderbilt,' I mays. "That bee ain't res sais 'He's a great insect,' says the fel-

ler. 'I'd like to have him.' "'You'd like to lock him up in a museum, where he'd buzz his life away fer s cur'ous public,' says I. 'None o' that

fer Bizzer. "'Wal,' says he, 'I s'pose I could make a good bit out of showin' him off,' he says, 'but it wasn't that I was thinkin' of, he says. 'I could use him though but partial, served to lend in my business,' he says.

"'How's that?' I asked him. "'Why, if that bee was mine,' says Instrious a sire has embarked simulhe, 'I'd learn him to hunt them butterflies that fly so high I can't reach 'em,' he savs.

"'How'd you go to do it?' says I.
"'I don't just know how,' he says, but any bee that's smart enough to be a judge of good whisky,' he says, 'wouldn't make no job of ketchin' a few butterflies,' he says. 'Pass your friend another drink,' he says.

asked the stranger if his offer of a quarter apiece held good fer them big high-flyin' butterflies. He said it did, I could handle him. Then I took to and described some other kinds he'd

"'It's a go,' says I. 'If you'll go out an' ketch me a dozen butterflies of any kind I'll do the rest.'

"I'd got an idee into my head. So the feller ketched the butterflies an' went away, promisin' to come back next week. Wal, I took them butterflies inside the house and took an' painted the back of one of 'em with whisky and sugar. Then I put Bizzer's nose into the mixture jest to let him know what it was, an' turned the butterfly loose an up went Bizzer after it. Wal, I hollered fit to split. It was funnier than the minstrels to see that fat bee a chargin' an' dartin' at the butterfly, an' the butterfly not knowin' what it all meant an' scared most to death. Once Rizzer got a good grip with his feet on to the butterfly's back, they came down in a heap together, fer Bizzer's weight was

"With one butterfly after another I kept trainin' Bizzer all that day an' got him so when I'd say 'Nail 'em, Bizz,' he'd jest soar up to the ceilin', size up the game an' come sweopin' down onto it like a hawk onto a chicken. Of course, every time he got a butterfly he'd eat the whisky an' sugar offen its back. Next day I tried him with a butterfly that wasn't painted. He took after it all right, but he looked s'prised an' disappointed when he got it, an' sort of scratched his ear with his paw like he was sayin' to hisself: 'This kind of but-

terfly ain't got no honey. Guess again.' "But I gave him some whisky as soon as he an' the bug landed, an' after a little time I learnt him that he was to ketch any bug I sent him after an' he'd git his drink. After that it was all easy goin'. All I'd have to do was to take him out into the garden on a shiny day an' kold him on my finger till I see a butterfly I wanted. Then I'd point that one out an' say: 'Nail him, Bizzer.' an' in two minutes that bug would have a pin through him. I never knowed him to sting any bug he was after but once. That was a big mothmiller that hap-pened to be out in the daytime in my garden, an' when Bizzer tackled it it was so strong that Bizzer was gettin' flew away with.

"One little jab was all the moth wanted. He come down so hard it like to 'a stunned poor Bizzer. Wal, when the feller with the net come back the next week he an' me had a settlin' an' he paid me over jest seven dollar an' seventy-five cents. That's what you might call good business. Don't s'pose any of you fellers ever made as much as that in a week unless it's Hank. Bill Eversole's dog was only with five dead an' that's a heap more'n he'd ever have

brung alive." "Where is this all-fired smart bee?" demanded Bid. "Why don't you fetch him aroun' so's we can see him. A stranger might think you was lyin'."

"Don't you fret, Bill Eversole," said Uncle Hi. "You'll see Bizzer some day, I'm goin' to set him gyardin' my melon patch later in the year if he recovers all right. Couple of days back I sent him up after a yaner butterfly, an' jest at that moment one of these blunderin' locuses come boomin' along an' there was a turrible collision in midst air. Both of 'em come down together floppin' an' rollin' on the ground, an' the big locus' rattlin' like a sawmill. Pretty quick Bizzer got in a couple of stabs an' it was all over with the locus'. When I come to pick Bizzer up, though, he was an knocked one-sided. He's to home now with three legs in a sling an' his left wing in splints. It's time I was goin' back to look after him, an' say, Hank, if you'll jest fill that bottle with a superior brand of whisky fit for a sick bee an' put it down on my account at the same rate, I'll take it kindly. Eddicated bees ain't like eddicated dogs. They're scurce, an' as long as mine lives nothin's too good fer him."-N Y. Sun.

King Oscar Was His Host,

A story illustrating the simple bon homie of the king of Sweden and Norway is told by M. Gaston Bonnier, the botanist. M. Bonnier was botanizing near Atockholm, when he met a stranger similarly occupied. The two botanists fraternized and M. Bonnier suggested that they should lunch to-

wher at an inu.
"No; come home and lunch with me ustend," said the stranger; and he led he way to the palace and opened the M. Bonnier was naturally astonished,

out his new acquaintance was most spologetic. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I happen to be the king of this country, and this fer he appreciated that whisky. It was better than what he was used to bein fed regular on Hank Hiver's fancy lunched, and talked botany together all

'he afternoon.-Chicago Times Herald.

the occasion a most happy flavor, and now that the talented son of so il-

HIS SIGHT RESTORED.

Life Recovers Use of His Eyes

Wealth and position have materially

sided romance in preparing a happy denominent to the courtship of Sir

at the Altav.

"We had a drink all around, and I

SIGHT RESTORED AT ALTAR.

taneously upon the seas of matrimony and politics all England is predicting for the young man a brilliant

Hart Dyke, who is about 24 years of age, in spite of complete blindness ex-tending over a period of 14 years, is a graduate, with high honors, of Cambridge. Throughout his school and college career he was under the tutelage of special instru tors, who were handsomely paid to teach and especially fit the young man to follow in the political footsteps of Sir William, his father, who, as vice president of the committee of the privy council on education, is virtually the minister of public instruction of the British empire, and as such occupies a seat in the Salisbury cabinet.

For a long time past the bridegroom has been undergoing treatment by the most noted of English specialists, and while they have all along held out encouragement for the restoration of his sight, it was at the instance of the young man himself that the moment for the supreme test was made identical with the moment of his supreme

It was in the church, when he was about to go up to the astar to marry the lovely daughter of Admiral Cave, that the son of Sir William Dyke received his sight, the surgeon who had treated him for ten years removing the bandages from his eyes.

The young benedict is a very brilliant young man, and his parents' favorite. He is regarded as likely to achieve the same amount of political distinction as the late Prof. Fawcett, who, in spite of being entirely blind, held a chair at the University of Oxford, and who remains on record as the most efficient and satisfactory postmaster general that has ever held office in England.

USED STOVE FOR SAFE.

Article Was Sold, a Blazing Fire Ballt in It and Bank Notes Barely Saved.

The Alton (Ill.) correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean writes that H. E. Hoffman, of that city, would



STOWING AWAY HIS WEALTH.

rather have his savings near at hand than draw interest on them in a bank. He used articles of stock for safety deposit places. When a customer paid him an account of \$90 the other morning he stuck the bills in a small

"Nobody will think of looking there for money," thought Mr. Hoffman. And nobody did.

During his temporary absence Mrs.

Hoffman sold the safety-deposit stove to a woman, who at once had it set up in her house. Mr. Hoffman returned and his wife proudly informed him that she had sold a stove at a good porfit. Hoffman took a look about, and was dismayed to learn that his safe deposit was gone. Learning the surchaser's address, he hastened thither. The purchaser had just built a roaring fire in the stove. Hoffman explained matters, water was poured on the fire, and the remains of some of the bills were found in the ashes. Hoffman turned them over to a bank, whence they were forwarded to Washington for redemp-

ROGERS KEPT HIS WORD.

A Promise Made When a Boy Was Faithfully Fulfilled in After Years.

Fairhaven, Mass., has a guardian angel in the person of Henry Rogers, one of the Standard Oil magnates, says the Chicago Chronicle. It was there he was se to the daughter of Admiral Cave born and there as a boy he carned his first money carrying newspapers. Today Fairhaven boasts of a library and a town hall-gifts outright from himand on the principal street stands an ideal building, the Rogers school.

This structure is the fulfillment of a pledge made years ago, when Mr. Rogers was a small, serious-minded boy, who delighted to sit in the company of older people. It was in the gro-cery store one day that he ventured to remark that he thought Fairhaven

ought to have a new school. To those who listened a new school meant increased taxes. "Wall," drolled out the spokesman

"I think so too; why don't you build one? You might save up for a starter.' There was a chorus of "haw, haws" barrel to the floor and then drew him

as the small boy slid off the top of the self up red and larning. "I'll do it," he said, "and I'll give some of you pe ple the chance to put the furniture in it when it's finished." The episode ended there. The boy

grew, went to Pennsylvania and thence to Brooklyn. One day it was announced that Mr. Rogers was going to build a school in Fairhaven. When it was fin-Ished he went back. On the main street he met the scoffer of his boyhood. "I'm waiting for that furniture," he said.

The man laughed sheepishly, but said nothing.
"Never mind," Mr. Rogers went on. "I guess I'll put it in myself, but I want you to be on kand to see that I have kept my word."

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

An American Organized the Chinese Army and Gave It High Standing.

An American is entitled to the credit -if Gredit it is-of reorganizing the Chinese army upon a basis approaching its present efficiency. Frederick Townsend Ward was a soldier of fortune and a native of Massachusetts. In 1860, when the Taoping rebels were verywhere successful, Ward, who was 26 years old, and had served in the French army, found himself in Shanghal. He organized a band composed of men of various nationalities and offered to capture a city for a fixed price. The first achievement of his small army was the capture of the walled town Sungkiang, which was held by 10,000 rebels. As a reward he was made a mandarin of the fourth rank. Ward then cleared the country around armed and well-drilled native regiments, who rescued Shanghal. Therethe name of Hwa, married the daughmade a mandarin of the highest grade

Shanghai, being paid so much cash after each victory he won. After awhile he disappeared and was next heard of when the natives attacked the city in large force, when Ward appeared at the head of three wellafter he became one of the leading men in the defense of Shanghai. He adopted the Chinese nationality under ter of a wealthy mandarin and was and admiral general in the service of the emperor. Gen. Ward died as the result of a wound received in directing an assault on Tsekle. The Chinese paid him the highest possible honors after his death by burying him in the Confucian cemetery at Ningpo. Ward's successor in command of the Chinese forces was Maj. Charles G. Gordon-"Chinese" Gordon.

REFORMERS BEHEADED.

Cruelty of the Chinese Empress Dow ager Is Shockingly Illustrated.

When the emperor of China abdiaction by the empress dowager, the latter had an opportunity to display her sanguinary despotism, and she improved it to the utmost. Six of the reormers who had been held responsible for their too precipitate method of reorganizing the government of the empire lost their heads, and some 300 rash design. The child who was sewas designated as the heir of Tung-Chih, the emperor who died twentyfive years ago, and not of Kuang-Hsu. out the latter from the list of emperwith the 31st of January last would have been known as the first year of more easily gathered. whatever dynastic title should be se-

New Idea in Bible Making.

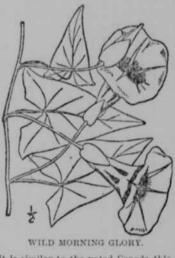
publisher, who has had the temerity to put the New Testament before the Old. He explains himself as follows: deficient in old orchards, and to supply The Old Testament is meant as a this important element of plant food candlestick upon which the New Tes- there is nothing better than hardwood tament should stand; yet we have ashes applied at the rate of 150 bushels largely made it an extinguisher which per acre,—puts out the light. If the Epitomist. Christian Scripture is the medium by which we draw nearer the supreme manifestation of God on earth, should in theory?

A PERSISTENT WEED.

Wild Morning Glory Is a Prolific Runner and Smothers or Brenks

The botanical name of the plant is Convolvatvus sepium. In some botanies it stands as Calystegia sepium. It has several common names, among which are hedge bindweed, wild morning glory, Rutland beauty, woodbind, hlynd and hedge Hly.

It is a native perennial vine, and trails over the ground, stone walls or fences. or twines about or runs over other plants. It is a vigorous, rapid-growing plant, and occurs in many places over a wide extent of country. It spreads both by seeds and by deep horizontal root-stocks. In this respect



it is similar to the noted Canada this-Though it seems to prefer to grow in the low, moist ground or along the banks of streams or rivers, it sometimes becomes a troublesome weed in meadows, grain fields, cultivated ground and berry patches.

When it has become well established it is difficult to eradicate. If it is in small quantity and in a favorable location, it may be dug out by the roots with a spading-fork. If abundant and in a field, it would be well to plow the infested land and plant some crop that should have frequent cultivation, going over the ground with a sharp hoe and cutting below the surface every vine that has escaped destruction by the cultivator. This should be repeated as often as a vine peeps above the surface; for if the roots are allowed to unfold the leaves in the sunlight, they will renew their vitality and strength, but if they are continu ously deprived of their leaves, they will in due time give up the struggle and die. This involves close watchfulness

and much labor. if the plants grow along fence rows or in waste places along the banks or streams, where there are no valuable or cultivated plants in danger of being destroyed by the treatment, but whe the weeds are a menace to such plant they may be killed by the use of sul phuric acid. One correspondent reports good success in killing weeds by sprinkwith water in the proportion of one part of acid to 40 of water. As the acid is very destructive, it should be handled with great care and the mixture be kept in some noncorroding receptacle like glass or granite ware. - Country

ORCHARD CULTIVATION.

Trees Set in the Fall Become Well Rooted and Rendy for Quick Growth in the Suring.

Gentleman.

Apples in a cultivated orchard riper later than in one that is not cultivated the fruit hangs on the trees better, and it keeps better than fruit which ripens earlier. Fruit trees should occupy the cated two years ago, forced to that best land on the farm, as it requires a good soil to furnish the constant sup nly of plant food that is consumed by the trees, for a bearing tree consumes more food from the soil than a tree which does not bear; hence the importance of heavily manuring orchard orchard land. Fall is the best time empire lost their heads, and some 300 for setting trees, for trees set in the others were marked out for slaughter. fall become well established, and are The numbers of the proscribed have ready to grow when spring comes. been considerably swened by those The wound on the roots made in who got up the petition against the transplanting heals over during the emperor's dethronement. That this winter, the soil becomes firm around was deliberately planned does not ad- the roots and resists drought much mit of a doubt, though the empress better than spring planted trees. The dowager did leave herself the loophole holes which are to receive the trees by means of which she escaped the should be at least three feet square consequences of her own somewhat and of sufficient depth. The soil should be thoroughly mixed with well-rottelected to succeed the present emperor, and who is still his official successor. manure and well filled in and pressed among the roots. Trees set in this way among the roots. Trees set in this way will grow twice as rapidly as trees set in a haphazard way. All cross limbs and water sprouts should be cut off By this action it was proposed to blot | each year, and shortening the tops annually is advantageous, as trees are ors of China, and the year beginning | not so liable then to break down when loaded with fruit, and the fruit is

Grass should never be grown in an Prince Tuan. or six-year-old son of orchard, nor any grain crop, as they tend to draw the moisture from the soil and leave the trees without the Something new in Bible making has been thought of by a Coventry, Eng., ing under growing crops of clover and cow peas, adds a large quantity of humus to the soil. Potash is generally per acre.-C. W. Norris, in Agriculture!

Scrub Farming Is Doomed. Scrub stock, crub farming methit not be placed first in fact as well as ods and acrub machines should be l fought to the bitter end.